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P O E M S

FROM

HORACE, CATULLUS AND
SAPPHO

AND OTHER PIECES

BY

EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN



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DEDICATED

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

*[A few of these verses have appeared
in the "Westminster Gazette," and
are reprinted by kind permission of
the proprietors.]*

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HORACE

CARM. I. v.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens;
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat nescius aurae
Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites! Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

PYRRHA.

WHAT slender youth, on scattered roses lying,
Woos thee, fair Pyrrha, in some cool sequestered
place?

For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair
With artless grace?

Ah, hapless boy ! how soon, how soon to tears
Will his young golden dream be turned, when clouds
arise

On that bright sea, and changèd gods
Avert their eyes !

Who now has all thy love, nor dreams that thou
Could'st change, could'st ever cease to love him, or
the day

Could come when love and faith would fail—
Ah, wretched they,

For whom thy beauty shines ! My dripping weeds,
Hung on great Neptune's votive wall, proclaim for me
To all, how I erewhile escaped
That cruel sea.

CARM. I. vii.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenen
Aut Epheson bimarisque Corinthi
Moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt quibus unum opus est intactae Palladis urbem
Carminе perpetuo celebrare et
Undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenae.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
Nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,
Quam domus Albunęe resonantis
Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
Saepe Notus neque parturit imbres

THE PRAISE OF ITALY.

SOME men may praise the isles of Greece,
Or Corinth set between her seas,
Or tune a lyre to celebrate
The storied shrines of deities,
Hallowed by bards of old renown
Through hamlet, citadel, and town.

The Delphic floor, the wondrous fane
Of Ephesus may fire the tongue,
While some there be would still renew
The cycle of immortal song,
That hovers round that city bright,
Which Pallas guards for her delight.

Others in Juno's praise would sing
The plains of Argos, nurse of steeds,
Mycenæ's wealth of ancient fame,
The iron race that Sparta breeds,
Larissa, Thebes, and many more,
Which elder bards have sung before.

High themes ; but I, who dwell beside
The plunging Anio, noting these,
Find sweeter to Italian ears
Its music sounding through the trees
Of Tibur's grove, whose sacred bough
Keeps green a garland for my brow.

Here dwells the awful Sibyl, here
Broad shades and pleasant greens abound,
Here, led by patient husbandry,
A thousand rills refresh the ground,
Where on the orchard's sunlit floor
Pomona sheds her bounteous store.

Perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento

Tristitiam vitaeque labores

Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis

Castra tenent seu densa tenebit

Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque

Cum fugeret tamen uda Lyaeo

Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,

Sic tristes affatus amicos :

Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente

Ibimus, o socii comitesque.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;

Certus enim promisit Apollo

Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.

O fortes pejoraque passi

Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;

Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

And here, old friend, beneath the shade
Of thy loved woods, 'twere sweet to lie,
And, lulled by cups of fragrant wine,
To bid dull care and sorrow fly,
Nor count those hours as idly spent
Which heaven for ease from toil has sent.

All things have ease, the southern gale
Comes oft without its load of storm,
And clears the heavens ; so wine the mind,
Here, or where'er our legions form
The glittering ranks of serried war,
Which keep thee from thy home afar.

When, by a parent's stern decree,
Bold Teucer left his island home,
Though doomed from his loved Salamis
In bitter banishment to roam,
He wreathed his brow, wine-drenched with dew,
And thus addressed his sorrowing crew :

“ Grieve not, my friends, the world is wide,
And we will go where fortune calls,
Brave hearts who follow Teucer's star
Know no despair, whate'er befalls ;
There lies a land across the main,
Where Salamis shall rise again.

Such is Apollo's promised word,
His oracle which cannot fail ;
A fate more kind than parent's law
Shall speed at last our spreading sail ;
Then banish care, and drink with me,
To-morrow we will roam the sea.”

CARM. I. IX.

AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvae laborantes geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.
Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.
Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
Stravere ventos aequore fervido
Deproeliantes nec cupressi
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

SCENE.—*The parlour in Horace's Sabine farmhouse.*

TIME.—*A winter morning.*

PERSONS.—*Horace and a young friend (somewhat afflicted with the fashionable pessimism).*

HORACE *loq.*

Good heavens, what cold ! The snow is down
On all the hills ; the woods are lost ;
The streams are blocked with ice. 'Tis clear
We're in for something like a frost !

Draw up your chair and stir the fire ;
Pile all the logs the hearth will hold ;
We'll have a pint of Sabine wine
To help us to keep out the cold.

There—now we'll talk, and leave the world
To the good care of Providence,
Nor vex our souls o'ermuch to probe
The Why, the Whither, and the Whence.

Look at that cypress and those elms,
So still against the frosty sky ;
How tossed and wracked their mighty limbs,
When God so wills and winds are high !

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere, et
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit lucro
 Appone, nec dulces amores
 Sperne puer neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus et areae
 Lenesque sub noctem susurri
 Composita repetantur hora ;
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,
 Pignusque dereptum lacertis
 Aut digito male pertinaci.

Man's a small thing—he has his hour—
Things, after all, are not so bad :
Enjoy the present while you may,
Leave to the future what is sad.

Tut, tut, you talk ! Too soon the years
Will fleck your golden locks with grey,
Bring crabbed age for frolic youth,
Steal all your pretty loves away.

You smile ! when there are lips to kiss,
And nymphs who beckon as they fly—
Be wise in time ; you'll never have
Such games when you're as old as I.

CARM. I. XIV.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus ! O quid agis ? Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennaeque gemant ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinae
Possint imperiosius
Aequor ? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvae filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile ;
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites aequora Cycladas.

“O NAVIS.”

O THOU who far upon a summer sea

Spreadest white canvas to the favouring air,

Glad in thy proud convoying company

Of statelier craft—take heed ! Though thou art fair,

And bravely leanest to the flowing blue,

Yet waters are there, under other skies,

Where storms are sudden and where stars are few.

Ah ! when frail timbers rend and cordage flies,

'Mid the loud buffets of that boisterous world,

How wilt thou fare ? Were it not better far

To seek the port, and there, with sails close furled,

To hear the wild waves rage across the bar,

Thy little barque secure, ere the night fall,

With none on the lone waste to hear thee call ?

CARM. I. XXIII.

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem non sine vano
Aurarum et silüae metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertae,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

CHLOË.

CHLOË, you shun me like a startled fawn,
That seeks her timorous dam upon the heights,
And in each wandering air and stirring brake
Some terror sights.

'Twas but the rustle of the coming spring,
That softly shivered through the opening leaves,
Or a green lizard darting through the briar,
Her bosom heaves,

Her limbs are all a-tremble ! Nay, what fears !
No savage lion I, that lies in wait
To rudely rend thee. Leave thy mother then,
And seek a mate.

CARM. I. xxiv.

AD VIRGILIUM.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Praecepit lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater

Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget! cui Pudor et Justitiae soror
Incorrupta Fides nudaque Veritas

Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.

Tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum

Poscis Quinctilium deos.

Quodsi Threïcio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanae redeat sanguis imagini,

Quam virga semel horrida

Non lenis precibus fata recludere
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.

Durum: sed levius fit patientia

Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

A ROMAN'S SORROW ;

OR

THE LAMENT FOR QUINCTILIUS.

TEARS have no measure, Sorrow needs no shame,
To mourn so loved a life. Begin then, Muse,
The heavy strain, and teach me how to mourn.

For thou, Melpomene, did'st erst receive
The ringing lyre from the great Father's hands,
The lyre, and liquid tones of solemn song.

Sunk is that head in the long sleep of death ;
That dear, dear head ! Ah, brother ! friend beloved !
Shall Faith and Honour ever find thy peer ?

His death brought tears to many a good man's eyes ;
Most to thine, Virgil, who, with bootless plaint,
Requir'st of Heaven this end of all thy prayers.

Ah !—might you tune your lyre to sweeter lays
Than ever Orpheus woke by wood or stream,
To that faint ghost the blood comes not again,

Which once dread Hermes, with his awful wand,
Has gathered in. 'Tis hard : but comfort still
Seek we in bearing what high Heaven decrees.

B

CARM. I. xxx.

AD VENEREM.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glycerae decoram

Transfer in aedem.

Fervidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
Et parum comis sine te Juventas
Mercuriusque.

TO VENUS.

O VENUS, queen of many a sunny isle,
Leave thy loved Cyprus, and across the sea
Come hither to my Glycera's fair bower,
Who summons thee

With wealth of incense. Come, and with thee bring
Thy glowing boy, nor let the Nymphs delay ;
Youth too, love-longing, and the Graces three
Bid come away !

CARM. I. xxxiv.

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens
Insanientis dum sapientiae

Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum

Vela dare atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos : namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens

Plerumque, per purum tonantes

Egit equos volucremque currum
Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
Sedes Atlanteusque finis

Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare et insignem attenuat deus
Obscura promens ; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto

Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

BY THE WAY.

I, who for many years had ceased
To go to church, or say my prayers,
Making Philosophy my priest,
Till, tangled in the mazy suares
Of puzzle-headed Wisdom's saws,
I 'gan to wonder where I was ;

Casting about in witless wise,
I, one fine day—the world may smile,
But there it was—I rubbed my eyes,
And saw that, had I walked a mile
By the old road, I'd better done
Than twenty by the way I'd come.

So, musing to myself, I said
“ I've been a fool ”—and back I ran ;
And, as the ancient way I tread,
‘ A sadder and a wiser man,’
I recognise there's still some knowledge
We may acquire when we've left college.

CARM. I. xxxviii.

AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexae philyra coronae ;
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem.

“PERSICOS ODI.”

Sir John to his Valet :

I do not like your Jewish tastes,
I hate your furs and astrachan,
Melton and velvet's good enough,
Or was, to coat a gentleman.

You need not trouble to inquire
What is the latest sort of hat,
Chapman & Moore have got my size,
And yours, and can attend to that.

CARM. II. XIV.

AD POSTUMUM.

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti.
Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus
Quicumque terrae munere vescimur
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum :
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
Infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

ALAS, THE YEARS !

ALAS, the years, how soon they pass away !
And what can hold the ruthless hand of Time ?
Athwart the path, alike for you, for me,
Stands wrinkled eld, and, at the end, the grave.

Not if you brought in daily sacrifice
A hecatomb of bulls on altar slain,
Stern Pluto's gloomy power might you assuage,
Who winds about with his remorseless stream

The huge Earth-monsters. To that dismal shore
We all must come, and all must cross that flood,
Whether on earth in palaces we dwell,
Or till the soil as lowly husbandmen.

'Tis all in vain we keep from cruel wars,
Vain that we shun the bursting billow's surge,
Vainly, with heedful care, when autumn comes,
We shield our bodies from its harmful airs.

Dark with its sobbing waters winding slow
We all must view Cocytus' wandering stream,
And that sad race condemned to endless toil,
For sins whose guilt no toil may purge away.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te praeter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore coenis.

All must be left, lands, home, and charming wife,
Fondest of pledges, and of all these trees
Your hands have raised, except the cypress drear,
Not one shall follow thee, their short-lived lord !

In prouder state your lavish heir shall quaff
The wine you guarded with a hundred keys,
And dash its splendid wealth upon your floor,
A lordlier brand than pontiffs' feasts can boast !

CARM. II. XIX.

AD BACCHUM.

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
 Vidi docentem—credite posteri—
 Nymphasque discentes et aures
 Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
 Euoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
 Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
 Laetatur. Euoe, parce Liber,
 Parce, gravi metuende thyrsos !
 Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
 Vinique fontem lactis et uberes
 Cantare rivos, atque truncis
 Lapsa cavis iterare mella ;
 Fas et beatae conjugis additum
 Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
 Disjecta non leni ruina,
 Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
 Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
 Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
 Nodo coërces viperino
 Bistonidum sine fraude crines :
 Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
 Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
 Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
 Unguibus horribilique mala ;
 Quamquam choreis aptior et jocis
 Ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
 Pugnae ferebaris : sed idem
 Pacis eras mediusque belli.
 Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
 Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
 Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
 Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

A MYSTICAL UTTERANCE.

OF lonely rocks a vision came,
Where Bacchus—let who will believe—
To Nymphs and listening Satyrs tame
The mysterie of song did give ;

Attuning to each ravished ear
The various note : whereat my heart,
With strange delight and mingled fear—
Such is that goddes power—did start.

Evoë spare me ! spare to harm
Thy servants of the ivy crown !
Who reel beneath the potent charm,
Which from thy tufted staff comes down !

So will I sing, with rage divine,
Thy godhead's all-subduing fame,
In wars achieved, in song and wine,
On earth, in heaven and hell the same.

CARM. III. I.

ODI profanum vulgus et arceo ;
Favete linguis : carmina non prius ,
 Audita Musarum sacerdos
 Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis
 Clari Giganteo triumpho,
 Cuncta supercilio moventis.
Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
 Descendat in Campum petitor,
 Moribus hic meliorque fama
Contentat, illi turba clientium
Sit major : aequa lege Necessitas
 Sortitur insignes et imos ;
 Omne capax movet urna nomen.

FOR THE TIMES.

I sing for boys, for maidens fair I sing,
Songs which were taught me by the Muses nine ;
Draw near and listen to the truths I bring,
All ye who keep the golden thread so fine
Of youth glad-hearted ; but avaunt, ye proud,
Ye sordid, vulgar, money-grubbing crowd !

The mighty sway of kings the nations prove,
But kings in turn must own the power of God,
Who, lifted high in heaven all things above,
Shakes the great universe with awful nod :
Kings have their hour, but, be it soon or late,
Subjects and kings alike must bow to fate.

Make broad your acres, boast your pedigree,
Flatter your souls with pride of wealth and place,
Affect the people with your high degree,
Your birth superior, and your nobler race,
Their suffrage win, acclaimed by every breath,
The casting vote will still remain with Death.

Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharaeque cantus
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
Desiderantem quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus aut orientis Haedi,
Non verberatae grandine vineae
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante nunc torrentia agros
Sidera nunc hiemes iniquas.

For him, the guilty man, above whose head
A drawn sword hovers, banquets have no charm,
And sleep has fled his anxious fearful bed,
Where Care sits brooding and wide-eyed Alarm ;
Nor song of birds, nor sounds from trembling string
Of lute scarce touched sweet Sleep may thither bring.

But in some far secluded rustic cot
The gentle god takes joy to lay him down ;
Ah, happy men ! thrice blessed, happy lot !
Removed from care and fickle fortune's frown,
Calm is your rest, o'er-canopied by trees,
Your lullaby the whispering of the breeze.

True happiness in calm contentment lies,
Blindly we seek it over land and sea,
For purple, gems, and costliest merchandise
Holding the farthest shores of earth in fee ;
For this the storm-tossed sailor knows no rest,
And dreads Arcturus sloping toward the west.

But if the limits of a man's desires
Are bounded by the simple needs of life,
Nor winter rains, nor summer's scorching fires
Disturb his quiet, nor the furious strife
Of elements, what time the farmer sees
The loss of crops and corn and wine's increase.

Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt

Jactis in altum molibus ; huc frequens

Caementa demittit redemptor

Cum famulis dominusque terrae

Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae

Scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque

Decedit aerata triremi, et

Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis

Nec purpurarum sidere clarior

Delenit usus nec Falerna

Vitis Achaemeniumque costum,

Cur invidendis postibus et novo

Sublime ritu moliar atrium?

Cur valle permutem Sabina

Divitias operosiores?

Frantic for change and crazed for novelty,
The lords of wealth must ease their latest pain ;
Tired of the land, they would fill up the sea,
And hurl huge blocks into the fretted main,
While slaves and factors sweat to rise a pile
Upon the waters in the last new style.

But at the windows of the topmost tower
The horrid face of Fear looks gaping in ;
Not all the rich man's gold can forge a power
To lay the spectres that attend on sin ;
They climb his brazen barge, while Care, as black
As armoured steed, rides clinging at his back.

If, then, nor purple robes nor mansions fine
Can banish grief or lull the soul to rest ;
If gems and perfumes rare and choicest wine
Can bring no balm to sooth the troubled breast ;
If neither pillared court nor marble hall
Give comfort to the aching heart at all ;

If, with the world and with myself at peace,
I live contented in my Sabine vale ;
If, far from strife of tongues which never cease,
My home affords no mark for Envy pale—
Why should I change a state, which such wealth brings,
For all the splendid poverty of kings ?

CARM. III. 11.

ANGUSTAM amice pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
 Condiscat, et Parthos feroces
 Vexet eques metuendus hasta,
Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex moenibus hosticis
 Matrona bellantis tyranni
 Prospiciens et adulta virgo
Suspiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
 Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
 Per medias rapit ira caedes.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori :
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
 Nec parcit imbellis juventae
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.
Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
 Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis aurae.

A TRUMPET CALL.

NURTURED to arms, and schooled by rigorous war,
Let Youth go learn to fare on frugal cheer,
And teach, at last, the savage Parthian hordes
To dread the prowess of a Roman spear.

Let him live hard, beneath the open sky,
Where deeds are stirring ; from embattled towers
Let royal mothers, watching for their sons,
And maids new-wedded, tremble lest the flowers

Of all their hopes, alas ! should rashly rouse
The lion in his fury where he goes
Through heaps of slain, and on their ill-starred heads
Bring all the wrath he wreaks upon his foes.

Ah, 'tis a sweet and seemly thing to die
For home and country ! But a coward's grave
What man would win?—and death o'ertakes the coward,
For all his pains his recreant limbs to save.

Honour, that will not brook a base defeat,
Shines forth with bright unsullied glory still,
Nor takes nor abdicates the seals of power
To suit the changes of the people's will.

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Caelum negata tentat iter via,
Coetusque vulgares et udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.
Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces : vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ sub isdem
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselon ; saepe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Poena claudo.

Scorning the misty earth, on beating wing
Honour her trackless path to heaven doth cleave,
And pours its light on those she lifts above
The coil that mean earth-groping mortals weave.

For reverence, too, and faith there lies in store
A sure reward : that man shall never be,
Who blabs the mysteries of holy rites,
Under one roof or in one ship with me.

Oft, for our sins, on good and bad alike
God, in his wisdom, hurls his vengeful blast ;
Seldom hath Justice, though with halting foot,
Failed to o'ertake the guilty man at last.

CARM. III. IX.

DONEC gratus eram tibi

Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae
Cervici juvenis dabat,

Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Donec non alia magis

Arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis

Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit

Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,
Pro qua non metuam mori

Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua

Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,

Pro quo bis patiar mori

Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

THE RECONCILIATION.

HE.

So long as I to thee was pleasing,
And none than I more fondly pressed
Round thy white neck his arms was wreathing,
Than prince or king I lived more blessed.

SHE.

So long as thou thoughtst Lydia fairest,
And other girls for her didst fly,
No maid renowned for beauty rarest
Was prouder queen of love than I.

HE.

For me now Chloë is the fairer,
She rules me with her sparkling eye—
Ah, if the jealous Fates would spare her,
For her sweet sake I'd gladly die !

SHE.

I Phaon love, my heart doth yield him
The vows he asks with ardent breath—
Ah, if the envious Fates would shield him,
Thrice for his sake I'd welcome death !

Quid si prisca redit Venus

Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,

Si flava excutitur Chloë

Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae?

Quamquam sidere pulchrior

Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo

Iracundior Hadria,

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HE.

What if the old, old love returning,
Send Lydia back her truant boy,
If he, the fair-haired Chloë spurning,
Should seek again his early joy?

SHE.

Though like Jove's star his beauty flashes,
And fickle thou as April sky,
Hasty as flood the north wind lashes—
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die.

CARM. III. XII.

MISERARUM est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci

Mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes

Patruae verbera linguae.

Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas

Operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,

Liparaei nitor Hebri,

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,

Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno

Neque segni pede victus ;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato

Grege cervos jaculari et celer alto latitantem

Fruticeto excipere aprum.

MARJORY.

ALAS, poor girls !
Who, when they love, must hide their tender grief,
Nor in sweet soothing wine
Seek short relief,
But still must peak and pine,
While scolding parents frighten them to tears ;
Alas, poor dears !

Fie, to thy task !
Why, Marjory, thy spinning wheel is dumb !
What ails thee that it stays
Its wonted hum ?
That sigh, that pensive gaze,
Betray, methinks, a heart no longer whole ;
Alas, poor soul !

I know the boy,
Thy pretty squire, thy knight of old romance—
No bolder spark than he
His neck to chance,
When hounds are running free,
And thou wouldst keep him at thine apron string ;
Alas, poor thing !

CARM. III. XVIII.

AD FAUNUM.

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis incedas abeasque parvis
 Aequus alumniis,
Si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina craterae. Vetus ara multo
 Fumat odore,
Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
 Cum bove pagus;
Inter audaces lupo errat agnos;
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes;
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
 Ter pede terram.

THE FAUN.

FAUNUS, thou lover of the Nymphs that fly,
If through my sunny fields thou chance to pass,
Kind be thy coming and thy footing light
Upon the grass.

And, when thou go'st, may my young weanlings feel
No harmful influence, if, when droops the year,
A kid falls to thee and full stoups of wine—
Such loving cheer

Bright Venus chooseth. From yon antique mound
My rustic altar smokes with fragrance sweet,
While beasts do leap upon the verdant sward,
When seasons meet

'Twixt drouth and winter. Then, in joy of thee,
The village hind with herds makes holiday
Through all the meadows, and the wolf is seen
With lambs at play.

Then, in thy path, the wildwood strews her leaves,
To grace thy coming; while, with shouts of mirth,
The ploughman tramples in the three-time dance
His foe, the earth.

CARM. III. XIX.

AD TELEPHUM.

* * * * *

Insanire juvat : cur Berecyntiae
Cessant flamina tibiae ?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra ?
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi : sparge rosas ; audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissa te nitidum coma,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero
Tempestiva petit Rhode :
Me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

THE REVELLERS.

Music awake, and let the echoes ring ;
 With music for our king
 We'll pass the hour ;
While jealous Age, to mistress fair ill wed,
 Shall hear us from his bed,
And curse the riot that invades his bower.

Then, as the clear and sparkling cup goes round,
 With wreath of roses crowned,
 We'll dream of love—
Young love for thee, which flutters to the light
 Of eyes and hair as bright
As the still star of eve that broods above ;
 For me,
A slow, more wasting fire must my companion be.

CARM. III. xxv.

AD BACCHUM.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui

Plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus

Velox mente nova? quibus

Antris egregii Caesaris audiar

Aeternum meditans decus

Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?

Dicam insigne recens adhuc

Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis

Exsomnis stupet Euias

Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam

Thracen ac pede barbaro

Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio

Ripas et vacuum nemus

A POET'S PHRENZY.

WHITHER, whither art thou [whirling me, thou god
of wine,

Full of thee, by thee possessed ?

By what rocks, or through what wandering, silent groves,

Am I driven, by thy deity oppressed ?

From what antres dim and vast

Shall I prophesy at last,

And set great Cæsar's fame among the stars ?

O the song !

Which from my lips shall burst, and loud and long,

In strains unheard before,

To the throne of Jove shall soar,

Who rules with counsel high the various world.

Faster, faster, as I follow in thy train,

With thy leaves about my brow,

Glide the trees, the wild-wood banks, the rocky glades,

Ah, the rapture of thy spirit fills me now !

And I gaze upon the scene

Like some wild Bacchantè queen,

When the dawn bursts o'er the gleaming heights of
Thrace.

Mirari libet. O Naiadum potens

Baccharumque valentium

Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,

Nil parvum aut humili modo,

Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,

O Linaee, sequi deum

Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

Wild surprise
Stays her step and stills the frenzy of her eyes,
As she sees beneath her feet
Pale Hebrus' gliding sheet,
And the snowy peaks of Rhodope's wild tribes.

O thou lord of Nymphs and all the dancing throng,
Whom thy spirit fills with strength
To rend rude forest boughs, be with me now,
As I call thee, and inspire my song at length,
To a strain unheard before,
Which shall mount to heaven's high floor
As with willing feet I follow in thy train !

CARM. III. XXVIII.

FESTO quid potius die
 Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,
Lyde strenua, Caecubum
 Munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.
Inclinare meridiem
 Sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
 Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
 Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas
Tu curva recines lyra
 Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;
Summo carmine quae Cnidon
 Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon
Junctis visit oloribus;
 Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

NEPTUNE'S FEAST.

WHAT shall we do, my Lydè, say,
To celebrate this festal day?
See, the sun wheels to his decline,
Haste then, 'tis time to broach the wine,
Our oldest wine shall quit its rest,
For Neptune's feast demands the best.

Neptune, the green-haired Nymphs among,
We'll praise in antiphònal song;
Your lyre shall themes divide between
Latona and the huntress Queen.

Then, in a song, we'll celebrate
The praise of her who keeps her state
At Cnidos and the Cyclades,
Which gleam afar across the seas;
And oft times chooseth to repair
To Paphos' sweet pellucid air,
When through the blue is borne afar
By snow-white swans her glittering car.

And last, to Night we will rehearse
A holy, high and solemn verse.

CARM. IV. III

AD MELPOMENEN.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio :
Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
Et spissae nemorum comae
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
Romae principis urbium
Dignatur suboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros,
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.

A POET'S FAME.

THE man upon whose cradled state
Your eyes have turned their quiet gaze,
Melpomene, he needs no praise
From Isthmian toils, to make him great.

For him no shouts the air shall fill
For victories won in chariot race,
Nor kings be captive led to grace
His triumph up the Sacred Hill.

But streams, which Tibur's woods among
Flow gently on, shall nurse his fame,
And rear throughout the world his name
As master of Aeolian song.

Lords of the earth, the sons of Rome
Have deigned to set me up on high,
Amid the gracious company
Of bards, where Envy cannot come.

O, testudinis aureae

Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,

O mutis quoque piscibus

Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror digito praetereuntium

Romanae fidicen lyrae,

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

O goddess of the golden lyre !
Queen of the dulcet-sounding shell !
Who, with sweet song's enthralling spell,
Could fishes mute, like swans, inspire !

If I am praised, by nod and sign
If men do mark me through the town,
My powers, my all—art, life, renown—
Are but thy gift—the praise be thine !

CARM. IV. VII.

AD TORQUATUM.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis

Arboribusque comae ;

Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas

Flumina praetereunt ;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet

• Ducere nuda choros.

Immortalia ne speres monet annus et alium

Quae rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit aestas

Interitura simul

Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox

Bruma recurrit iners.

Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae :

Nos ubi decidimus

Quo pius Aeneas quo dives Tullus et Ancus

Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernae crastina summae

Tempora di superi ?

AN EARLY SPRING DAY.

GONE is the snow, and the first tender green
O'er field and wood is seen ;
The earth is changed again, and rivers flow
Between the banks they know.
Now, on the dewy sward, with motion free,
Dance Nymphs and Graces three,
While winds are hushed, and tender suns caress
Their naked comeliness.
That in thy heart no idle hope should be
Of immortality,
The year reminds us, and this golden day,
Which the hours steal away.
At Spring's behest the balmy Zephyr blows,
Then melt the winter snows,
But Spring to Summer yields, himself to bow,
Though lordly be his brow,
To Autumn, bringing fruits—and soon again
Winter renews his reign.
Swiftly the moon's increase keeps coming on,
And we, when we are gone,
Where all the mighty dead have gone before,
Are dust and nothing more.
Whether the gods will add to our to-day
To-morrow, who shall say ?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis amico
Quae dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas ;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Peirithoo.

Give while you can, and save from what your heirs
 Already grasp as theirs ;
For when the lord of that dim shadowy throne
 Has claimed thee for his own,
Nor birth, nor piety, nor eloquence,
 Friend, shall restore thee thence,
Where gods, for those they loved, have sought in vain
 To loose death's fatal chain.

CARM. IV. xiii.

AD LYCEN.

AUDIVERE, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce : fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri
Ludisque et bibis impudens
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
Doctae psallere Chiae
Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit te quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugae
Turpant et capitis nives.
Nec Coae referunt jam tibi purpurae
Nec clari lapides tempora, quae semel
Notis condita fastis
Inclusit volucris dies.

TIME'S REVENGE.

ΑΗΑ ! so, Lycë, you are growing old ;
To this 'tis come, in spite of all your pains,
Your paint and patches ; let the truth be told,
You're old, and what is life when beauty wanes ?

Still at the game ? Pah ! 'tis a pretty sight,
Scarce ever sober, and quite shameless grown,
Quavering your tipsy staves and snatches light,
To summon wanton love, when love has flown.

Best spare your pains, for wrinkles and grey hair
Like not the pampered boy, who wings his way
Where cheeks like Chia's blossom fresh and fair,
And there he nestles all the livelong day.

Jewels and purple cannot youth recall,
Your fine array, your efforts all are vain,
For time, once gone, is gone for ay and all,
And youth, once fled, comes never more again.

Quo fugit venus, heu, quove color? decens
Quo motus? quid habes, illius, illius,
 Quae spirabat amores,
 Quae me surpuerat mihi,
Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves
 Annos fata dederunt,
 Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi
 Multo non sine risu
 Dilapsam in cineres facem.

Where is that beauty now, alas ! and where
The rosy bloom, the charm, the moving grace ?
Where is that Lycë breathing love's own air,
And a whole world in bondage to a face ?

I, like the rest, was caught within the spell,
Though still to Cinara my heart was true ;
To think that fate so soon should ring the knell
For her—poor Cinara !—and leave us you !

Ay, you are left, to match the crow in years,
While, “ There goes Lycë with her draggled flounce,”
The young blades laugh—a sight more meet for tears,
For—who'd have thought it ?—she was pretty once !

CARM. IV. 1.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu

Rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor,

Non sum qualis eram bonae

Sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium

Mater saeva Cupidinum,

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus

Jam durum imperiis : abi

Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.

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A MAN'S LOVE.

SPARE me, O goddess, spare !
Thy cruel dart
Hath piercèd through my heart,
While she so fair
Goes careless still and gay ; yet my heart's woe
I swear, great goddess, she shall never know.

Her beauty, formed by thee
For love's delight,
Dazzles my aching sight ;
I would be free ;
But when in angry shame to 'scape I try,
She holds me in the fetters of her eye.

Capricious fate and blind,
I laugh at thee !
And yet I am not free,
Nor is she kind.
Nay, goddess, then, unloose these galling chains,
So tedious grown, and ease me of my pains.

Go where some ardent boy
Sighs to the air,
And summons thee with prayer
To crown his joy ;
Go conquer hearts which have not felt thy sway,
Mine is grown hard, and likes not to obey.

CATULLUS

V.

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut nequis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

TO LESBIA.

Kiss me, my love, and yet again
Kiss me, that so the eager pain
Of severance we may forget ;
For when our little sun is set,
Though suns may set and rise again,
For us shall endless night remain.

Then kiss me, love, while yet we may ;
Let Wisdom frown so we are gay ;
Kiss me, and from that honeyed store
Of kisses bring a hundred more,—
A thousand kisses add to these,
And then a thousand more, nor cease
Till all the reckoning of our bliss
Is blotted out in kiss on kiss,
And envious wight may never see
The kisses thou didst give to me.

III.

LUGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae ;
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat
Ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem ;
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
Vae factum male ! vae miselle passer !
Tua nunc opera meae puellae
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

LESBIA'S SPARROW DEAD.

MOURN, all ye Loves, ye Loves and Cupids, mourn,
Make moan for heaviness, ye gallants bright,
For Lesbia's bird my Lesbia weeps forlorn ;
He's dead—poor, pretty bird—my love's delight !

Ah, honey-sweet he was ! when she addressed
Him loving things, he'd answer at her ear,
And perch about her, flutter at her breast,
And pipe and chirrup to his mistress dear.

No hand but hers he loved, no other call
He heeded : now, his pretty doings o'er,
His little soul goes darkling whither all
Must go, and, going, may return no more.

Then out, alack ! and fie upon your spite !
Ye sullen shadows of the insatiate grave,
Devouring all that's beautiful and bright—
Out on ye !—all the lovely things we have !

And now my mistress weeps, and 'tis your work
That red and swollen are her tender eyes.
O hapless bird ! O dull, devouring murk !
Her bird is dead, and my poor Lesbia cries.

XXXI.

PAENE insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus ;
Quam te libenter quamque laetus in viso,

Vix mi ipse credens Thuniam atque Bithunos
Liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
O quid solutis est beatius curis ?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

Salve o venusta Sirmio atque hero gaude ;
Gaudete vosque o Lydiae lacus undae ;
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

SIRMIO.*

(On returning from foreign parts.)

O SIRMIO ! fairest jewel in mine eyes,
Of all the headlands that the sea runs round,
Or sweet lakes bosom—how my heart doth bound,
To see again thy lawns and woodlands rise

Upon my vision ! After all my toil
In foreign lands—Bithynia's sultry plain
Scarce left—to think, O joy ! that once again
I should be here upon my native soil !

At ease ! O guerdon sweet ! when, after wars,
With journeyings and vigils sore bestead,
Our own old home we come to, and the bed
So often longed for under alien stars.

This is the recompense for all our pain ;
Here may the mind lay by its load of care ;
Search the world over, nothing can compare
With what we feel in coming home again.

Hail, lovely Sirmio ! and do thou rejoice
To greet thy master and his happy chance.
Ye Tuscan waves, with all your ripples dance !
And laugh, old home, with every heart and voice !

* Now Sirmione, on Lago di Garda.

LXXVI.

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas

Est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,

Nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo

Divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,

Multa parata manent jam in longa aetate, Catulle,

Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.

Nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere
possunt

Aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt ;

Omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.

Quare cur te jam a ! amplius excrucies ?

Quin tu animum offirmas atque istinc te ipse reducis,

Et dis invitis desinis esse miser ?

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.

Difficile est, verum hoc qualubet efficias :

Una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum,

Hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.

SOLILOQUY OF CATULLUS

ON BREAKING OFF HIS CONNECTION WITH "LESBIA."

IF to a man the reckoning o'er
Of gentle deeds may pleasure give,
Of that, methinks, there lies in store
Enough to last me while I live.

If honest vows, faith without stain,
Life lavished, love without repine,
Have savour sweet, there should remain
Sweet from this bitter love of mine.

What was undone that love could do?
What was unsaid that love could say?
Perish regret ! nor still renew
The worthless story of a day.

Worthless and heartless ! let it go.
Ah ! why should anguish count again—
When strength could give release from woe—
The bitter reckoning of her pain ?

'Tis hard to lay aside at will
The love of years,—and yet, I trow,
What men erewhile have borne may still
Be borne, though hard, and shall be now.

Borne, ay, and done—done, whatsoe'er
The pain of doing. Here, for me,
Lies the sole refuge from despair,
And end of all this misery.

O di, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus unquam

Extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,

Me miserum aspicate et, si vitam puriter egi,

Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi.

Heu ! mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus

Expulit ex omni pectore laetitias !

Non iam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,

Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit :

Ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.

O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

Oh, but in pity—if for pain
Pity may touch immortal minds—
Grant me, kind Heavens, to win again
Ease from this wasting woe, which winds

Its weight about me. Grant but this,
If recompense for faith be due,
Only to know again the bliss,
Of healthful days, which once I knew.

Not that she love me, or forbear
Of shame the brimming cup to fill—
Black ne'er was white, foul is not fair,
And filthy will be filthy still.

I ask not that—that ne'er can be—
Enough if, while the years remain,
I may look up and know me free
To live, and to be well again.

CI.

MULTAS per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
Et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem.
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

HOMEWARDS, a traveller, from many lands returning,
I greet thee, brother, only at thy grave,
To thy dumb ashes telling o'er, in accents burning,
Those rites, 'tis said, departed spirits crave.

All that I can—with tears—the words our fathers
taught us—
Which borne afar, like sound of sea-rocked bell,
Perchance may reach thee on those sad and lonely
waters,
Longed for, though late—a brother's last farewell.

SAPPHO

Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
 ἔμμεν ὦνῆρ, ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι
 ἰζάνει, καὶ πλασίον ἄδν φωνεύ-
 σας ὑπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἱμερόεν, τό μοι μάν
 καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν·
 ὥς γὰρ εὔιδον βροχέως σε, φώνας
 οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει·

ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον δ'
 αὔτικα χρῶ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,
 ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-
 βεισι δ' ἄκοναι.

ἀ δέ μ' ἰδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ
 πᾶσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
 ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω ὑπιδεύης
 φαίνομαι ἄλλα.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

LIKE to the gods he seems to me,
Yea, happier than the gods to be,
The man who, sitting at thy feet,
Hears thy soft voice and laughter sweet ;
Which leave me breathless—for, if I
But see thee, all my senses fly ;
Words fail me, and, bereft of sound,
In sudden bands my tongue is bound ;
About my flesh, through that desire,
Courses a subtle, searching fire,
Nothing I see, with horrid din
My throbbing ears resound within,
The dews of passion drench my brow
And all my trembling body now,
Paler than leaf of aspen grown,
Like one from whom all life has flown.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,
 παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε,
 μή μ' ἄσασι μήτ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,
 πότνια, θῦμον·

ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἵποτα κατέρωτα
 τᾶς ἑμας αὖδως αἰοῖσα πῆλνι
 κλυες, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα
 χρύσιον ἦλθες

ἄρμ' ὑποζεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἄγον
 ὤκεες στρουῦθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας
 πύκνα δινεῦντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠράνω αἶθε-
 ρος διὰ μέσσω.

αἶψα δ' ἐξείκοντο· τὸ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα,
 μειδιάσασ' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ,
 ἦρε', ὅττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κῶττι
 δηῦτε κάλημι,

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO APHRODITE.

GODDESS immortal ! from thy throne afar
If ever thou didst heed thy suppliant's cry,
And on her plaintive sorrowings didst turn
A pitying eye ;

Hear me, and hither, from thy bright abode,
Let the faint longings of my eager string
Draw thee, and win thee, lady, for my heart
Some balm to bring.

Not in thy terrors, not in all thy power,
For awful art thou whom all things obey,
Clothed in all colours, heart and throne alike,
Of Night and Day ;

But hither come, as when, in gentle state,
Thy team of sparrows drew thy glittering car,
Round the dark earth, with frequent fluttering wings,
From heaven afar.

Quickly they came ; and thou, O blissful one !
Bending upon me those immortal eyes,
Didst smile, and ask me why I called, and why
Those tears and sighs ?

κ' ὅττ' ἔμῳ μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι
 μαινόλα θύμῳ· τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω
 μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὦ

Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;

καὶ γὰρ αἰ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,
 αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει,
 αἰ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει

κωὺκ ἐθέλοισα.

ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λύσον
 ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τέλεισσαι
 θῦμος ἰμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὖτα
 σύμμαχος ἔσσο.

And what it was that this poor heart of mine,
Distracted thus, did most desire to be—
“ Whom lov’st thou, Sappho? Who, to love unkind,
Is wronging thee?

For though he fly thee, yet shall he pursue,
And, for those gifts his coldness doth deride,
He shall bring others, ay, and love for love,
For all his pride.”

Come then in such wise, and, if ere thine ear
Leaned to the soft complainings of my lyre,
Fulfil my longing, and achieve me all
My heart’s desire !

MISCELLANEOUS

ἢ ὥσπερ Σαπφώ, ὅτι τὸ ἀποθνήσκειν κακόν· οἱ θεοὶ
γὰρ οὕτω κεκρίκασιν· ἀπέθνησκον γὰρ ἄν.

—*Arist. Rhet.* ii. 23.

[As Sappho says, that to die is an evil ; for so have
the gods judged it ; otherwise they would have died.]

LINES ON A FRAGMENT

DEATH is not sweet—ah, did not, long ago,
One sing that, were death sweet, the gods would
die,
And yield amid their blissful company
Place for the presence grim that reigns below?

Death is not sweet, nor sweet the tears that start
Through stress of sorrow from reluctant eyes,
When falls the stroke, and severed are the ties,
Which love and duty bound about the heart.

Bitter is death, and bitter is the day,
That brings the burden of the nevermore,
For him who leaves us weeping on the shore,
And may not tarry, and for us who stay.

Ay, death is bitter ; but, on healing wings,
There are who wait the Dayspring to arise,
And take from aching hearts and weary eyes
The weight of tears that flow for mortal things.

ARCHILOCHUS.

Οὐ φιλέω μέγαν στρατηγὸν οὐδὲ διαπεπλιγμένον,
οὐδὲ βοστρύχοισι γαῦρον, οὐδ' ὑπεξυρημένον,
ἀλλὰ μοι σμικρὸς τις εἴη, καὶ περὶ κνήμας ἰδεῖν
ῥοικὸς, ἀσφαλέως βεβηκὼς ποσσὶ, καρδίης πλέος.

WANTED A GENERAL!

WANTED a general ! Fancy men,
 With strapping limbs, need not apply,
 Nor fellows who appear at ten,
 Crimped, shaved, and manicured by Guy ;
 Short, tough, and bow-legged, spare in every part,
 We'd like our man, except, of course, his heart.

[NOTE.—In the following literal translation it may be interesting to see a soldier's idea of a general 2600 years ago :—

“ I like not a big general, nor a long-shanked fellow (*lit.* standing or walking with the legs apart), nor one who is proud of his fine hair, nor one who is very excessively shaved ; but for me let him be of small size, and slightly bow-legged to look at, walking firmly (*lit.* safely) on his feet, full of heart.”]

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον,
καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσους θαλίῃ ἐνι πολλῇ,
ἐνθα κατ' Ἑλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας
ἄνθεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι, κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἀπάντων·
οὐ χειμῶν λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καῦμ' οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,
οὐ πεινῆς, οὐ δίψος ἔχει σ' · ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθεινὸς
ἀνθρώπων ἔτι σοι βίος· ζῶεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως
αὐγαῖς ἐν καθαραῖσιν Ὀλύμπου πλησίον ὄντος.

[UNKNOWN.]

AN EPITAPH.

Al! tell us not that in the grave,
 A bride of Death, our darling lies ;
 Far out beyond the western wave
 To fairer fields her spirit hies.

A blessed company she knows,
 With brave delights her heart is glad,
 There where the lily and the rose
 Fade not, nor cometh aught that's sad,

Or evil. There no winter's rage
 Harms her, for her heat scorcheth not,
 Hunger and thirst, decay and age,
 Sorrow and pain are all forgot.

Of human love she needs no store,
 A better lot to her is given,
 Who without blame for evermore
 Dwells in the holy light of heaven.

[NOTE.—The primitive simplicity of Greek feeling appears in this epitaph. The following is a literal translation :—

“Thou art not dead, Proté, but thou art gone to a better place, and dwellest in the islands of the blessed

among much festivity (good cheer); where thou art delighted while gambolling (skipping like a roe) along the Elysian plains amongst soft flowers, far from all ills. The winter pains not thee;* nor does heat nor disease trouble thee; nor hunger nor thirst possess thee; nor is the life of man any longer regretted by thee; for thou livest without blame in the pure radiance of Olympus, which is near."

* Compare Shakespeare in "Cymbeline"—

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done," &c., &c.]

HOMERIC DAWN.

Lo, at the curtained threshold of the east,
The gentle Dawn appears with quiet feet,
And, at her coming, every bird and beast,
That slept upon the earth, awakes to greet
Her beauteous presence. From his wave-washed bed
The drowsy God of Day looks up to see
His fair handmaiden, while about his head
Await him all the chiding Hours. But he
Oft, for his pleasure, loves to linger there,
And weave about her fantasies of light,
Or sport awhile and wanton with her hair;
Whereat she blushes, and a world grows bright;
And brighter, as, to chase the Hours that flee,
The laughing god comes leaping from the sea.

TO A PAINTER.

IF you would paint my lady's hair,
Go bid your faithful Ariel bring
The blackness from the raven's wing,
The lustre from the ebon rare.

Mix those together, still you'll fail,
Unless the Night, her aid to lend,
Implored at darkest hour, will send
A shadow from the sleeping dale.

THE OLD GUIDE.

(*As a Greek might have written it.*)

OLD Hans, who finds his day is done,
And that no more the heights he'll scale,
That walking now where others run,
His feet must linger in the vale,

His lantern, sachel, pic,* and ropes
Has hung upon a votive wall,
And down the last descent he hopes
To find his way without a fall.

[NOTE.—The custom here referred to was prevalent among the Greeks. *Cf.* “*Anthology*,” *passim*. Thus :

Polycrates hangs up his hammer, pincers, and tongs to Vulcan, through whom, by frequent beatings on the anvil, he found for his children abundance and drove away miserable poverty.

Another dedicates his bow and arrows, another his spear, after ceasing from war, or the strength of life having failed.

Pan has offered up to Bacchus his crook and fawn-skin, having forsworn the revels of that deity through

* Ice-axe.

love; for he is in love with Echo and is wandering about. But do thou, Bacchus, be kind to him, who is labouring under a common misfortune !

A child has hung up to Hermes his pleasant-sounding ball, his rattle, the dice of which he was so madly fond, and his whirling top, the playthings of his youth.

Callimenes, being no longer able to see, offers up his writing materials to the Muses. So, likewise, an old fisherman his net to Neptune, and a traveller his felt hat, the symbol of his wayfaring life, to Hecate (deity of roads).

And (to give one more illustration) the tippler, Xenophon, has offered thee up, O Bacchus, an empty cask. Receive it favourably, for he has nothing else !

THE OLD GUIDE.

(A Modern Version.)

WHAT shall remain when all the race is run,
 And listless hands have drooped on aching knee?
 When, spite of doing, nothing has been done,
 Or done, seems nothing of what still should be—
 What shall remain?

What shall remain when, through the dying glow,
 The shrunken ashes of the past appear,
 And, as the flame burns lower and more low,
 The mounting shadows grow to things of fear—
 What shall remain?

And what, at length, when faltering footsteps grope
 The last lone way, and strength is bowed to pain?
 Surely the dream, the bright, far-beckoning hope
 Of clearer consummation shall remain—
 Shall still remain !

AN ANTIQUE.

YOUTH betimes with Fancy wed—

Ho, dear delight !—

Strewed him roses for his bed—

Ha, fond delight !

'Neath a canopy of green

He was king and she was queen,

Brighter pair ne'er was, I ween—

Ho, fond delight !

Birds for them the livelong day—

Ah, fair delight !—

Tuned a merry roundelay—

Ha, sweet delight !

And when Phœbus left the sky,

From the woods the night-owl's cry

Was their crooning lullaby—

Ha, soft delight !

Jove, who envies mortal bliss—

Ah, frail delight !—

Envied happiness like this—

Ah, brief delight !

Sent a cloud and spouts of rain,
Broke their pretty bower in twain,
They may never kiss again—
Ah, lost delight !

A SUMMER IDYL.

SEE where the moon
Rides in the azure blue,
The delicate, shy moon,
A waif of down upon a summer sea,
While the long, golden afternoon
Slopes slowly westward, lengthening every tree
Upon the sward, where full-breathed cattle feed
Through all the flowery mead.

Now sinks the sun
Adown the flaming west,
And, one by one,
Stars open winking eyes that hid their light,
Whilst owls and flitting things, that shun
The garish day, come forth to greet the night,
Which, now the tale of one more day is told,
Steals over field and fold.

ENVOY.

To L. N. GUILLEMARD and F. S. PARRY.

(1887-1897.)

FRIENDS of old days, though many suns have set,
 Since that great summer blessed our youthful prime,
 Glad were I if, for you, in fancy yet
 Its classic glories lingered in my rhyme ;

Like those long lights, which, 'neath o'erarching skies,
 We saw together climb from cloud to cloud,
 Where to cool waters, far from London's cries,
 Our Thames allured us from the madding crowd.

And though upon our lot, united yet,
 The changes of ten summers hold their sway,
 The fact sometimes 'tis pleasant to forget,
 In idle memories of an earlier day.

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